

# THE AGE-HERALD

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Having no other pleasure of his gain  
But torment, that it cannot ease his  
pain. —Shakespeare's Poems.

## Women's Wear

It is a most courageous thing for mere man to discourse on the apparel of his sisters. What is known as "the silly season," when all the world is at the seaside, and even Mexico shall cease to make news of battle, yea the very suffragettes of London shall be lying low, somebody starts a new comparison of masculine opinions upon hats and skirts affected by the stronger sex. Always the result is humiliating to the hardy participants.

Somebody else should go back to the classics and collect, for instance, all the styles described by Dickens, who so frequently dresses his women in what he calls a "pelisse." But what is a pelisse? Certainly it contains no reference to Chief Bodeker, who clearly stands aloof from unseemly interest in frocks. Recent talk about overskirts and underskirts has supplied Birmingham with a silly season and an excuse for many a diaphanous laugh. Chief Bodeker is wise.

Men, and even women, too, are all interested in woman's clothing, the men especially in her hats. Apart from the price, who has not made blue the atmosphere around some ridiculous feather, haunting his eyelids from the headgear of the lady in front of him in the street car? Did the dear creature herself guess how unseen lambent flames, with sulphurous smell, were licking her impertinent plumes? And then in church or at the concert! "Two scarlet tail feathers standing a foot above the brim of a toque of mustard-colored straw, may worry half a congregation," says one writer, herself a woman, who contrasts with the gay and boisterous coloring of western bonnets and hats in church the rule in many parts of Spain that ladies attending divine service should wear black gowns and mantillas.

What we seem to have among us in these days is a new emphasis on sex, in vivid contrast with the wonderful suffragist movement, which seeks to obliterate sex considerations to the utmost. In the one case you observe the woman of instinct, in the other the woman of experience. Or shall we say that here are two competing instincts, equally strong, equally fundamental, the instinct of attraction and the instinct of management or materialism? In the case of John Bull's wife the instinct of materialism is succumbing to the old and dreadful alternative of the shrew.

A careful observer notes that thousands of suffragettes have agreed to wear similar hats. This makes suffragettes appear as a religious order, and gives material authority the supreme victory over feminine vanity and over the instinct of attraction, while the tender side of materialism sinks into the background.

On the whole, we should be grateful to get Professor Teufelsdröck to talk again. He might remind us, out of vast historic lore, that both these "new movements" have been in the world many a time ere this, and left their mark on human destiny. Yet it will be some time before man—mere man—will be made judge of what is fitting in the adornment of the ladies, though the man be no less than Teufelsdröck Resartus.

## The Display of Wealth

A maid of the Alabama mountains with a bridal gown bedecked with \$20 bills would be sure to attract attention. The gift of a coat made of treasury notes from a poor farmer to his father likewise would be a cause of comment. Intelligence spreads in the country with a rapidity that is almost inconceivable to the urban dweller. The death of Bill Jones' sorrel mare is known to Peter Brown, living on a farm some 10 miles away, almost coincident with the demise of the faithful nag.

A lavish display of wealth never is indicative of the displayer's good breeding. When that wealth has been

acquired suddenly and mysteriously its exhibition in ways fantastic and bizarre inevitably must lead to questions which embarrass.

Chief Bodeker believes that many of the bills stolen from a New Orleans and Northeastern train near Hattiesburg, Miss., last year eventually found themselves decorating the wearing apparel of a Fayette county bride and a Fayette county farmer. How a poor girl or a poor farmer of Fayette could expect to appear in such habiliments and not cause an unusual degree of talk is incomprehensible. An idle boast, a covert jest has often led to the undoing of a criminal entirely safe had discretion been observed.

The tale of the dress and the coat of money will be told for many years to come in the wilds of Fayette county.

## Unhappy Mexico

Gen. Porfirio Diaz as president of Mexico, made that republic strong and progressive. He was first provisional president in 1876 and was elected in 1877, but under the constitution of that time he was ineligible for re-election and retired from the presidency in 1880. He remained in politics, however. He became a member of the cabinet and a senator and in 1884 was again elected president. The constitution having been amended, he was re-elected consecutively for many terms.

Diaz was always recognized as a statesman of great ability. He was a republican only in name for no king was ever more of an autocrat. He ruled his people with a rod of iron, so to speak, but he was respected and his country prospered greatly under his rule. Mexico is rich in natural resources and while Diaz was President large foreign capital was invested there and progress was in evidence in nearly every part of the republic. But at length the people became discontented with Diaz's dictatorship and the discontent resulted in the uprising led by Francisco Madero, the defeated candidate for the presidency. The powerful old autocrat finally acceded to the insurgent demands for his resignation.

Diaz was a trained soldier as well as a statesman. One of the best things he did while President was to suppress brigandage. The republic became under him, for a time at least, a peaceful nation. He was also a financier and he reorganized the federal finances and greatly strengthened Mexico's credit abroad.

Since his forced retirement Mexico has been in a continual state of revolution. There has been bloody civil war. The City of Mexico, which has become so popular as a tourist point, is fast becoming a place of desolation. The destruction of property has been enormous. Americans and other foreigners have had to flee from Mexico and those who remain have felt themselves in great jeopardy.

Towards the end of his administration President Diaz was almost persuaded to send an invading army into Mexico but he happily escaped the onus of such a step. President Wilson has won the applause of the world by his patience and his determination to keep out of war if he could do so consistently with this country's national honor. The Mexican situation is grave, but it is hoped yet that war may be averted.

The President seems to have selected a good man as special envoy. Mr. Lind is known to be a lawyer of capacity and of firmness. He seems to have done well thus far in a most trying position.

President Wilson made a mistake, no doubt, in not recalling Ambassador Wilson earlier than he did. If a change in our diplomatic mission in Mexico had been made at the beginning of President Wilson's administration the situation would, by this time, have been cleared up, perhaps.

Pending Mr. Lind's negotiations all right minded Americans will hope for the best. President Wilson and his advisors will certainly continue to work for peace.

## Healthy Business Conditions

With the approach of fall, business is becoming very active and the outlook for the rest of the year is exceptionally bright. The western crops are large enough to overtax the railroads. The south, as a whole, has bumper crops and in money value this will probably be the south's best crop year.

Early in the summer optimists felt that we would have prosperity, but not until the money market became easier as a result largely of good business methods on the part of the democratic administration, was the business world cheered. When the stock market began to advance a month ago some financiers thought it was only a temporary improvement, but now all see that the advance in stocks was based on the business outlook. The New York stock exchange is always a good barometer and the better class of se-

curities will doubtless continue to advance.

In Birmingham, evidences of prosperity were never greater than at present and throughout the district activity is the rule.

The days are more than an hour shorter now than they were two months ago. On June 21 the sun set at 7:10 and today it will set at 6:39. The sun rose today at 5:27. On June 21 it rose at 4:52. Today therefore is an hour and six minutes shorter than that of June 21.

With corn quoted on the local market at \$1.05 a bushel, alfalfa strong with a rising tendency and peaches not on sale, the ultimate consumer (which means the voter, too) cannot grow excited over the race for presidency of the city commission.

Harry Thaw, the Mexican situation and Alabama's senatorial situation occupy so much of the limelight just now that the tariff and currency reform bills are having a little rest.

As August has only 10 days left the 22 rainy days in August that the weather bureau forecast will not materialize. Maybe the weather man meant two days instead of 22.

It is possible that Mr. Roosevelt has seen the error of his way and is keeping quiet because of that? Or is his present silence only the calm before another storm?

Club women of St. Paul are preparing to boycott the manufacturers of silk skirts. The latter should worry a lot and build a new factory on it.

The old-fashioned barbecue is still popular in the south, but there are 40 more comfortable ways of getting a square meal.

It must be a great sensation to feel that one possesses "family jewels," even if they happen to be in pawn at the time.

New photographs of Ella Wheeler Wilcox are decidedly décolleté. Oh, well, Ella has a reputation to live up to.

Huerta has nearly as much trouble in gaining recognition as the average struggling author.

The August days have become very hot again but the nights are cool and pleasant.

The band concert will be transferred from Capitol park to Avondale park tonight.

The man who goes around the world in 80 days in these rapid times is simply loafing.

## JOHN HENRY'S SHARE

From the Philadelphia Telegraph.  
They were speaking of the wonderful days of courtship, when he willingly makes a million sacrifices to appear like great wealth in the dear one's beautiful eyes. There was a merry chuckle on the part of Gov. Locke Craig of North Carolina, who was one of the dinner party. He said he was reminded of the case of John Henry.

John Henry, according to the governor, took the darling of his heart to a cafe where it is expensive to eat. The dear one had said she wasn't hungry, so the young lover thought he would escape with no greater blow than an ice cream ticket.

But, alas! Likewise woe! It was a pleasant that the dear one ordered, with fixings to match. All that John Henry could do was to watch her and suffer.

"Jackey, dear," she sweetly remarked, diving into the luscious brew, "you are not eating a bit of this pheasant. Won't you have some?"

"No, darling," responded John Henry. "I have had all that I want."

"All that you want, dear!" exclaimed the young woman, showing great surprise. "Why, you haven't had any!"

"Yes, I have, sweet," answered John Henry, with something akin to a soulful sigh. "The waiter just handed me the bill."

## THE BOOK WORM

Marguerite Campion in the September Metropolitan.  
The scholar reader is a man who professes books. He is a negative sort of person with weak eyes and a great air of stupid taking in. He infests all the public libraries with his little note book; he even invades the ranks of your friends and casts a gloom over your mutual joy in books. Sometimes he is a caricature, a comic valentine sort of person, but more often, unfortunately, he is a man or woman with real possibilities for love and life turned into a mere grub of books, like Mr. Harrison's Queed in the caterpillar stage. He reads either for information or culture, never for joy; and he sits down as stolidly to his task as a German frau sits down to her beer and pretzel. As though books and beverages were not made to put wings to the soul! As though the thoughts upon your printed pages and the hops that instill life into your brimming stein were not the result of nature's effort-soul making in the novelist and poet, sun and rain upon the flowering hop fields! But the scholar reader never soars. He does not hear the bee outside the window while he reads Keats. He merely amasses facts which he will die in the possession of while he might have made a heaven upon earth with a copy of Walt Whitman under an apple tree.

## NO MONKEY BUSINESS

From an Exchange.  
Reference being made to country constables and other troubles that beset the motorist in some sections, Congressman Warren W. Bailey of Johnston recalled an incident that occurred in a small town in western Pennsylvania.

One evening just at dusk the congressman said, a man drove through a village with a handsome car, equipped with all the modern devices. Hardly had he proceeded a square before a cop loomed large in the vista.

"See here, young fellow," exclaimed the official with commanding emphasis, "you will have to light up your lamps!"

"All right, old pal," cheerily answered the motorist, "just as you say about it."

With this he touched a button and instantly the powerful light gleamed forth. For a moment the cop was stunned. It was his first experience with electric lights in an automobile. But he soon recovered.

"Say, young fellow," he exclaimed, moving nearer the car, "don't try to get away with me! When I tell you to light up your lamps, I mean for you to step out and light 'em!"

## IN HOTEL LOBBIES

### Great Prosperity Predicted

"All the cities of the west and middle west that I have visited within the past seven or eight weeks have seemed prosperous," said L. T. Breathwaite of Chicago. "I was in New York in May and heard some pessimistic talk there, but in Chicago one never meets a croaker. Chicago has been busy all this summer and Cincinnati, St. Louis and other cities have been, from all appearances, exceptionally busy."

"I was in Texas a week ago, and that state is humming with business as never before, perhaps."

"Birmingham seems to be making wonderful strides and I am told that the entire south is very prosperous at this time."

### Beautiful Fish Exhibit

"On Tuesday and today there was an exhibition in front of the Birmingham Arms and Cycle company's place a block of ice containing a black bass weighing 11½ pounds," said a fisherman last night. "It will continue on exhibit Thursday up to about 10 a. m."

"I understand that it was taken with a fly down in Florida. The largest I myself have known was 10½ pounds from one of the lakes near Tuskegee. Judge Gaston says he knew of one taken in Florida that weighed 16½ pounds. The American Field reported some days ago, one taken in the Ozark mountains that weighed 11½ pounds. My record is 7½ pounds at East Lake September 17, 1912."

"On the day the big fish was on exhibition, the business manager of an important and widely read daily newspaper took a 5-pound bass in the backwaters of the Coosa near lock 4. This fish was duly exhibited, weighed and certified to, for future reference."

### Building Operations in Birmingham

"Everybody sees and talks about the large skyscrapers in course of construction, but there is much building improvement in various parts of the city that is seen only by those who traverse the various streets and avenues a little outside the so-called business district," said a member of the Chamber of Commerce.

"Many mercantile buildings of one, two and three stories are taking the place of ugly old shanties and some very modern 3 story apartment houses are gracing certain sections. Birmingham's progress has been greater this year, I think, than in any previous year. Every mercantile interest is thriving and the real estate business, which has been rather quiet for some time, is fast picking up."

### Women in Employment

"It is a matter of much interest to me to take cognizance of the general bearing of women who are occupying good positions in the business world," said an observant man.

"I happened to be talking to one of fine personality, occupying an important position in the fiscal world, and I was impressed with the lack of the feminine self-consciousness that so many carry with them into the business world. Soon after this conversation I met yet another attractive woman in the lobby of the First National bank on the way to do some banking and she was another example of the womanly woman in business; no quips, but self contained, gracious and a pleasure to meet. There that side of the picture ends. My experience, covering several years of coming into contact with stenographers, cashiers and office women is that many of them carry too much of 'I-am-expecting-an-advance-of-some-sort,' when really they were not even interesting in the polite sense of the word. Then again, the lack of a logical mind, the absence of reasoning and business tact, sometimes makes women 'business killers'—driving away trade or clients. I myself would not have a woman occupy a position where she could show her femininity, because she is governed largely by intuition, a very good sense in romance, and matrimonial affairs, but a sorry guide in business."

### The Auditorium Proposition

"There will doubtless be a full vote in the city election on September 15 and it is hoped and believed that a very large majority will vote in favor of a bond issue to provide a much needed auditorium," said a taxpayer.

"There will probably be a total vote of between 500 and 10,000. I have not met anyone who was going to vote against the auditorium. Nothing at this time is more needed here than an auditorium with a seating capacity of 900 or 10,000. Its furnishings should include a grand pipe organ, one of the \$30,000 or \$25,000 sort. Good music is more and more appreciated by the people and in many cities free organ concerts on Sunday afternoons are in vogue. Few influences are so humanizing as good music, and those persons who want to listen to ragtime and mediocre stuff grow fewer every year. It is so in all the large cities. Organ concerts, band concerts, symphony orchestras and high class church choirs all help to cultivate the taste of the community."

### Another Week of Music

"This is the last week but one of the band concerts," said a member of the Can't Get Away club, "and many will be sorry when the season is over."

"The Music Study club, under whose auspices Memoli's splendid concert band is heard, certainly deserves the thanks of the public. I was in hopes enough money would be contributed to run the concerts into September, but as it is I understand the final programme will be rendered Friday, August 29. The Verdi night will be Wednesday, August 27. This year marks the centenary of two immortal composers, Wagner and Verdi."

### HORSES STILL NUMEROUS

From Popular Mechanics.

"The passing of the horse" was duly announced in the public prints even before the pleasure automobile was a pronounced success. A few years later, when motor cars became plenty, the horse again had a period of being "passed," and when the motor truck became a practical utility the obituary was once more read into the "Facts-for-the-Family" section of thousands of daily and weekly papers. But apparently he doesn't go; in fact, in some cities there are more of him today than ever before. Whether our noble friend prefers city life to a home in the country, or whether our street traffic is growing so rapidly that the addition of thousands of tons' capacity of motor trucks barely keeps up with that growth, we leave for our readers to decide.

It will, however, be a surprise to any one who takes the trouble to study into the matter to discover how slowly the horse is retreating from our large cities. In Chicago, for instance, there are now 72,369 horses employed, or only 27 less than one year ago. In Boston there are only 23 less than 10 years ago, while Minneapolis has actually 18 and St. Louis 70 more than 10 years ago.

It should be noted, however, that the city carriage horse has practically gone;

In fact the cartoonists are already picturing the occasional driving horse as a curiosity, and he is now relegated chiefly to omnibus and funeral work, in which he is gradually losing ground. The riding horse will remain for a time, but hangs on a slender thread, for some new exercise fad is likely to displace him at short notice. The farmer is rapidly reducing the number of horses on his place, going to town in an automobile, and plowing more and more with mechanical power. Nevertheless, the price of a good working horse today is more than 10 years ago, partly because there is little demand for any but the best quality. Thirty years ago there were something like 80,000 horses drawing street cars in this country; now there are only 2500. In most industries so radical a change is usually a new occupation; but in the case of the horse, where will he go when the motor truck and light traction engine come into their own, as they surely will?

## THE RIGHT TO EAT

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.  
"The police have no more right to throw people out of a restaurant at 1 o'clock in the morning than they have to throw the mayor out of the Montauk club at 1 o'clock in the morning."—New York World.

The right to eat is, or should be, inalienable. Food eaten at 1 o'clock in the morning may be indigestible, but it is not immoral. If the world is right about the character of restaurants against which Mayor Gaynor is crusading—and surely it is right in protesting against patrons being hustled out into the street by the police—the mayor is heading a high-handed undertaking against which all persons whose appetites are good will protest.

Among the old superstitions are that "night air" is unhealthy, that early risers, in per se, a virtue; that all honest men, and, of course, honest women, ought to be and probably are abed before midnight. That the night atmosphere of a city is necessarily unhealthy is an idea that persists. That persons who are up late at night, and, therefore, in the natural course of events, get up late in the morning, are disreputable rascals and provokers of a "breed without the law" is an idea to which many worthy persons hang with amazing tenacity.

A good deal of a great city's work is, unavoidably, done at night. To night workers, many of them quite as respectable as persons who get up at dawn and are sleepy at dark, the evening—that is to say, the time for relaxation—begins at midnight or later, and the opportunity for the day's last meal does not come until "honest folk" within the meaning of the old fashioned and still unconquered, are half through their night's rest.

All night restaurants are a modern necessity. They should be as respectable as restaurants whose patrons are catered to in daytime or in the early evening hours. There is no reason why they should be more puritanical than other restaurants. There is no good reason why anyone should not have his dinner at 3 o'clock in the morning if that hour suits his working hours, or his personal convenience if he is a person of leisure. Of the 12 hours upon the face of the clock, or of the 24 that constitute a day, none is more prejudicial to morality than the others.

## HER ANGEL CHILD

From the Kansas City Star.

Mother's darling, aged 4, was not to be like other boys and girls and learn to use naughty and slangy words. He was not allowed to play with the older boys in the neighborhood, for fear his sensitive nature might be shocked at the language they used. One day, while mother was busy, he slipped over into the next street and played for half an hour with a crowd of older boys. In that half hour he took a complete course in modern language.

On his return mother said: "Where has my precious been?" "You should worry and get a wrinkle," he cheerfully replied.

"Dearest, tell mother where you learned such horrible language?" mother exclaimed.

"Aw, good night, shirr," came sweetly from the cupid boy mouth.

Then mother commenced to weep, for she realized that her angel child was just a boy after all.

## KEEPING TRACK OF TRAINS

From Harper's Magazine.  
At the railway station in a small town a solitary traveler was waiting for the day's only train. Train time came and went, but no train. He went over to the stationmaster, an old darkey: "Say, when does today's train get here, anyway?"

"Oh, dat train won't be in for a long time yet."

In a few minutes, however, a train was seen crawling toward the station.

"There comes the train now!" exclaimed the traveler, excitedly, to the darkey. "Seems to me you don't know your business, if I'm not mistaken."

"Say, mister," replied the darkey, "I reckon you a perfect stranger; around here, dat's yesterday's train, dat is. Today's train won't be in till tomorrow."

## HOW IT FEELS TO FREEZE

From the Springfield Republican.

Freezing to death is preceded by a drowsiness which makes the end painless, the body actually feeling warm and going comfortably to sleep. Experiments have been made with animals to show just how freezing to death proceeds. In one of these experiments, in which the animal was placed in a temperature of from 125 to 150 below zero, the breathing and heart beats were at first quickened, the organic heat of the body actually rising above normal, which is 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. This showed a sudden and intense effort on the part of the functions to preserve the body's temperature. Then violent heart action gave out suddenly and death came when the temperature of the body dropped to 71 degrees Fahrenheit.

## AS THE PRINTER MADE IT

From the Family Newspaper.

A story is told of a "printer's error" that once caused consternation in a country village. An arch in the church had become dilapidated and a fund was started for its repair. Upon one occasion, so as to make the appeal more widely known, the rector printed a notice regarding the result that on the following Sunday the announcement appeared in large type: "The collection today will be for the arch fiend."

## A GOOD OFFER

From Lippincott's.

Isaac's house was for sale, and he told his friend, Abram, about an offer he had had.

"Samuel Levinson said he would give me five thousand dollars for it."

"He's a good fellow," granted Abram. "He's got a lot of money, but he can't buy it."

"Well I know he can't. But I'd was a mighty fine offer."

## ADRIFT WITH THE TIMES

### PURSUED.

We weep for old Bill Sulzer, who is looking rather pale, reeling and staggering. "Miss Mignon" and "Boss" Murphy, too, are camping on his trail.

### VERY DISHEARTENING.

"The trouble with you, Dopping, is that when you spend money you never stop to consider the size of your income."

"How can you blame me for that, Cras-smith? Every time I stop to consider the size of my income I get so depressed that it is often several days or a week before I recover my spirits again."

### MUST BE MONOTONOUS.

"Gladsy and her fiancé never quarrel." "Good heavens! How do they manage to stay engaged?"

### GRASPING AT A STRAW.

"I was glad when the comedian said he would sing."

"Way boy!"

"A song was bound to interrupt his monologue more or less."

### ASKING TOO MUCH.

In his criticism of a filthy play whose sole justification is that it "depicts life," a writer on theatrical topics says, "In the last act, after having passed through scathing experiences, Miss Nash was as chipper as though she had merely been out after an ice cream soda." Oh, well, it isn't reasonable to expect an actress to suffer as much as her audience does, a statement that may be interpreted in two ways.

### ALL IN THE FAMILY.

It is announced that "William Collier" will support his family in "Who's Who," the new farce by Richard Harding Davis.

The announcement goes on to say that the company includes Mr. Collier's wife, Mr. Collier's son and Mr. Collier's son's dog, yclept Herman. This reminds us of another newspaper dispatch saying that a prominent woman had fled from the luxurious home provided by her husband, "taking with her their sole offspring, a bull terrier."

### HYPERCICAL, PERHAPS.

"I was on Petticoat Lane yesterday," said Cordella Killjoy, "and decided that the chief purpose of the slashed skirts is to enable chickens to exhibit their drumsticks."—Kansas City Star.

And yet, when the chicken isn't plump a casual observer is apt to find himself wishing for the good old days when a petticoat covered a multitude of shins.

### A SCIENTIFIC FACT.

According to a California entomologist, listening to a phonograph will kill beetles and make tarantulas fall into a stupor. It's wonderful the human traits some insects have.

### COMING BACK.

The hapless summer widower Begins once more to smile. His wife, we hear, will reappear In just a little while.

### SLIGHTLY OVERDONE.

"A naturalist contributes an article to a magazine in which he writes a highly colored description of how on one occasion the wild denizens of the jungle came down to a river's shore to drink."

"I suppose he was lying somewhere?" "Yes, and I rather suspect he was lying when he wrote his magazine article."

PAUL COOK.